

TREASURE TROVE READERS
BOOK ONE

HAPPY STORIES



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A. WHEATON & Co., Ltd., The Paternoster Press, EXETER

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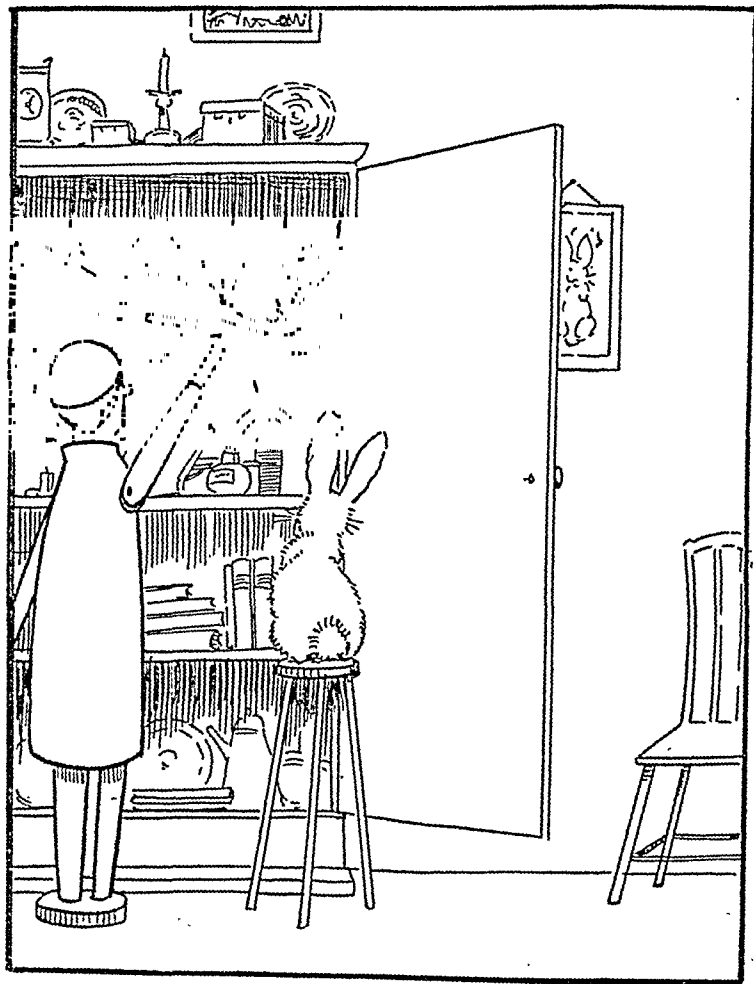
To Geo. Newnes, Ltd., for *Cry-Baby Joe* and *The Story of a Secret* from *The Teachers' Treasury*. Also for *Bushy the Squirrel* and *The Old Man in a Fur Coat* from *Pictorial Knowledge*, and for *How Jack Got a New Shirt*, from *The Story Hour, Infants' Section, Modern Teaching*.

To Messrs. Harrap for *The Snowball* taken from *A Story Garden for Little Children*, by Maud Lindsay.

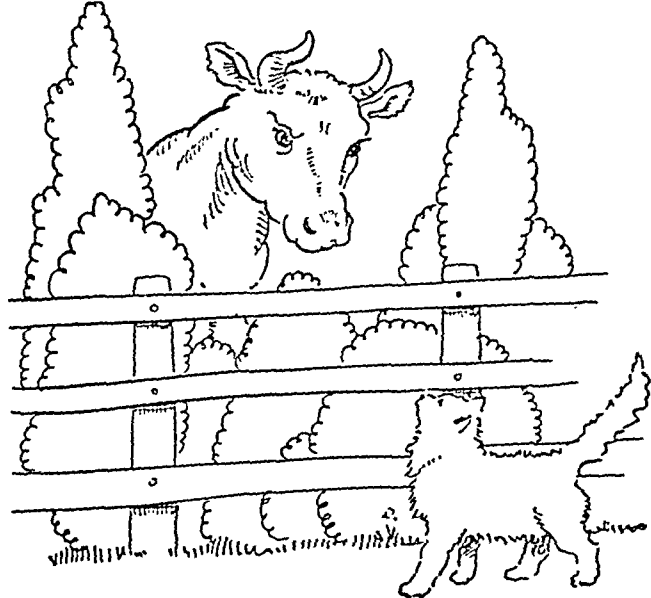
To Methuen & Co., for *Noah and Rabbit Miss the Train* from *Noah and Rabbit*, by H. McKay, and for *The Donkey that Laughed* from *Five Minute Tales*, by Enid Blyton.

To Nelson & Co. for *The Runaway Cheeses* from *A Book of Silly People* by Enid Blyton.

To Messrs. Allenson & Co., Ltd., for *The Pig Brother* from *The Golden Windows*, by Laura Richards.



NOAH AND RABBIT LOOK FOR THE TICKETS.



1. THE RICE PUDDING.

There was once a cat who wanted to make a rice pudding for her kitten. She had a packet of rice, but she had no milk. So she went to the cow and begged for a little milk for the pudding.

"Get me some of that sweet grass from the next field, and you shall have some milk," said the cow.

So the cat went into the next field; but it belonged to a grey donkey, and the cat had to go and ask to be allowed to get the grass

"Go and find me a nice big thistle, and I will let you have the grass," said the donkey.

So the cat went to find a thistle. She wandered here and there and at last came to a farm-yard. In a kennel lay a big dog, and just outside the kennel grew the biggest thistle that the cat had ever seen.

She ran up to the dog and begged him to let her have the thistle.

"You may have it if you will go to the butcher across the road and get a bone from him," said the dog.

So the cat ran across the road and came to the butcher's shop. The butcher was there, carving meat, and he asked the cat what she wanted.

"Give me a bone for the dog, please," said the cat.

"You may have one if you will go and ask the gardener down the lane if he will let you have some parsley to put round my meat," said the butcher. So the cat ran to the gardener and begged for some parsley.

"I will give you some parsley if you will go and get a new wheel for my barrow

from the wheelwright," said the gardener.
"I have just broken the old wheel."



Then the cat ran to the wheelwright, and found that he was just shutting up his shop. She asked him for a wheel and he shook his head.

"My son is getting married this morning," said he, "and I am going out to buy some rice to throw over him and his bride

at the wedding. I cannot stop to find a wheel for you."

"Now, see, here is a packet of rice," said the cat, eagerly, and she held out her rice to the wheelwright. "You need not go to buy it."

Then the wheelwright took the rice and gave her the wheel. She ran to the gardener with it and he gave her the parsley. She ran to the butcher with the parsley and he gave her a bone. She took the bone to the dog and he pulled up the thistle. She took the thistle to the donkey and he gave her some grass. She carried the grass to the cow, and the cow gave her a pan of fresh milk.

But alas! when she got home to make the rice pudding for her kitten she could not do so. For now, though she had plenty of milk, she had no rice. She had given it all to the wheelwright.

"All my trouble has been for nothing!" she said. "What a foolish cat I am."

By Enid Blyton.

DO YOU KNOW

1. Why the cat was not able to make the pudding ?
2. What the cow asked for ?
3. What the donkey asked for ?
4. Why the wheelwright wanted some rice ?
5. When the cat had got the milk, she still could not make the pudding ? Why ?
6. A kitten is a young cat ? What do we call
 A young dog ? A young horse ?
 A young cow ? A young hen ?
 A young sheep ? A young duck ?
7. What work a wheelwright does ? What name do we give to :—
 The man who brings round the letters ?
 The man who makes clothes ?
 The man who drives a train ?
 The man who gives out the tickets on a bus ?

SOMETHING TO DO.

8. Act this story as a little play.
9. Copy out the sentences given below, adding the words *write* or *right* so as to make sense.
 (a) Don't forget to write to me.
 (b) Did you get all your sums right ?
 (c) "I shall be all right," he said.

2. THE STUPID DONKEY.

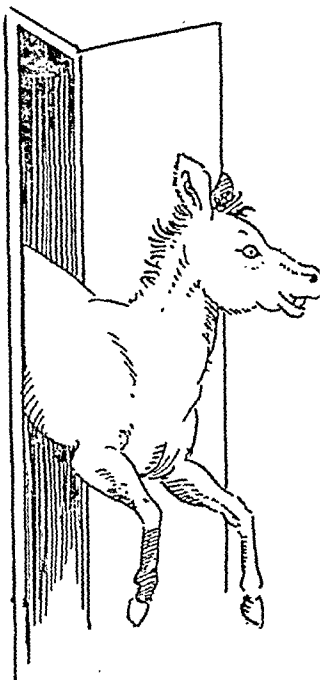
There was once a donkey who was very jealous of his master's dog.

"Master pets and fondles that dog," he said to himself, "and what does he do to get all that petting? Why, he simply gambols about and barks! He wags his tail and jumps on the master's knee! That's all he does! Fancy being petted and given biscuits just for that!"

The more the donkey thought about it, the more he thought he would like to do the same as the dog did.

"If I gambol about and amuse my master, I shall get biscuits and be petted, too," he thought.

So that evening, when his master was sitting in the dining-room reading his newspaper, the donkey made up his mind to go and amuse him.



He trotted into the hall, pushed open the door of the dining room with his nose, and bounded into the room.

"Good gracious!" said his master, in the greatest astonishment. "What are you doing here?"

Then the donkey began to rush round the room just as he had seen the dog do. He jumped over the chairs, waved his tail about, and brayed as loudly as he could.

His master began to laugh, for the donkey looked so foolish. The donkey was very pleased.

"Now, perhaps if I go and jump on his knee he will give me biscuits," he thought.

So he ran up to the surprised man and put his fore-feet up on his master's knees. He tried to jump up, but the man was very much frightened, and called for help.

"Help! help!" he cried. "The donkey has gone mad! He is trying to jump on me! Bring sticks and beat him off."

The servants came rushing in with poles and sticks and the donkey was chased to his stable and locked in.

"Alas! alas!" he wept. "I might have known that what one can do another cannot. I will never be so stupid again!"

SOMETHING TO DO.

1. Tell this story in your own words.
2. Here is a game you might like to play. You all sit down in a circle. Teacher will whisper to you what bird or animal you are to pretend to be. You will have to think then what noise this creature makes. There will be someone else in the circle pretending to be the same creature as you. When the person in the centre of the ring makes a noise like *your* creature would make you have to jump up, run across the ring and change places with your partner. If the person in the centre of the ring gets to the vacant place first, then you will have to be IT. Then *you* will have to think of all the noises different animals and birds can make and try to catch somebody else.
3. A donkey *brays*. What noise do the following creatures make ?

A cat.	A dog.	A hen.
A duck.	A turkey.	A bird.

3. CRY-BABY JOE.

This story is about a little boy who was a cry-baby.

He cried at everything. He cried if he fell down, and he cried when he was picked up. He cried at breakfast-time, dinner-time, and tea-time. He cried because he didn't want to go to bed, and he cried because he didn't want to get up.

"Good gracious, Joe!" his mother used to say, "I don't know where all your tears come from. You're as bad as a watering-can."

Now, one day the fairies heard Joe's mother say this, and they remembered it. And that summer, when there was no rain at all in Fairyland, and the fairies couldn't think what to do for their poor flowers, they remembered Cry-baby Joe.

"Let's bring him to Fairyland for a bit, and use his tears to water our flowers with!" they said.

So they did—and one day Joe found himself in Fairyland, with crowds of little fairies all round him.

You can guess what he did—he cried.

“Boo-hoo-hoo!” he wept, “I want to go home!”

“Quick,” cried the fairies to each other. ‘Get pails and baths and catch his great big tears as they fall.’”

At once they all ran for pails, and set them to catch Joe’s tears. The tears were very big, and the pails were very tiny, so that they were soon full, and the fairies ran off to water their flowers.

When Joe found nobody took any notice of him, he stopped crying and stared at the fairies. He didn’t think they were very kind, so he ran away from them.

“Boo-hoo-hoo!” he wept, his tears beginning to fall again. “I’ve hurt my knee! Boo-hoo-hoo.”

“Quick, quick!” cried another crowd of fairies, hurrying from their little houses with pails and watering-cans. “Fill your cans, fill your cans!”

“You’re very, VERY horrid to use my tears for watering your flowers!” said Joe angrily, and cried harder than ever.

But the fairies took no notice.

Joe ran away again. After a while he felt very hungry.

"I want some cake!" he said, and began crying because nobody gave him any.



Up flocked the fairies with pails and cans once more, and quickly filled them with his tears.

Joe stared at them crossly. He saw an

old Witch standing among them, looking up at him and laughing.

"Tell the fairies not to use my tears!" he shouted to her. "I don't like it."

"Don't let them," said the Witch, and Joe decided it was a very good idea.

"I do seem to cry a lot," he thought suddenly. "Perhaps if I tell the fairies I'm never going to cry again, they'll think it's no use to keep me here."

So he went back and found the fairies he had seen before, and told them.

"Take me back home," he said. "I'm not a cry-baby any more, so it's no use keeping me to water your flowers. I'm not going to."

So the fairies took him back, and smiled to themselves to think what a big lesson they had taught Cry-baby Joe.

And he never cries now, whatever happens. He would so hate to go back to be the fairies' watering can again.

I'd hate it too, wouldn't you?

By Enid Blyton.

CRY-BABY JOE.
DO YOU KNOW

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1. Why Joe was called a "cry-baby" ?
2. Why the fairies were pleased when Joe cried ?
3. Tell this story as one of the fairies might have told it.
Begin :—" *There was once a little boy*

4. MY SAILING-BOAT.

From a cork, a twig and a rag
I fashioned my sailing-boat,
And I put at the top a flag
That out in the wind would float.
Then I took my boat to the brook
And christened it Yo-Ho-Ho.
The ripples came running to look,
And the breezes began to blow.
My boat went sailing away
Without a captain or crew,
The flag was fluttering gay,
The sail was billowing too.
I hope some pixie or elf
Will capture my brave little ship,
And sail it away by himself
On a jolly, adventurous trip !

5. THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER.

There were once five and twenty tin soldiers. They shouldered their guns and looked straight before them; their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid.

The first words they heard in the world were—"Tin Soldiers!" when the little boy who had been given them for his birthday took off the lid of their box and saw them.

He put them all out on to the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest, except the last one of all, and for some reason or other he had only one leg. But he stood as firmly on it as all the others did on two.

Near by the soldiers stood a castle made of cardboard. In front of it was a little lake made of a piece of glass, on which small wax ducks swam. It was all very pretty—but the prettiest of all was a little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle. She was a tiny doll, and was



dressed in white, with a piece of blue ribbon over her shoulders for a scarf. She was a dancer and stretched out both her arms. One of her legs was lifted so high that the tin soldier with one leg thought that she too had only one leg like himself.

"She would be the wife for me," thought he. "But she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box."

He watched her all the day, and was sure she sometimes looked at him. He made up his mind to speak to her if ever he got the chance, for she really was the prettiest thing he had ever seen.

But, alas! misfortune came early to the tin soldier. The next morning the little boy placed him on the window-ledge—and all at once the window blew open and out fell the little soldier head over heels to the pavement. He stuck head downwards there, his helmet and bayonet between the paving stones.

The little boy came out to look for him, but he could not find him, even though once he nearly trod on him.

Soon it began to rain, and the soldier lay there getting wetter and wetter. When the shower was over, two boys came by and spied the tin soldier on the pavement.

"Just look!" cried one. "There lies a tin soldier! Let's make him a paper boat and sail him down the gutter."

So they made a boat out of newspaper, put the tin soldier in the middle of it, and let him sail away down the gutter whilst they ran beside him, clapping their hands for joy.

But goodness preserve us! How the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes turned round so fast that the tin soldier trembled; but he stuck fast, looked straight before him, and shouldered his gun bravely.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became very dark.

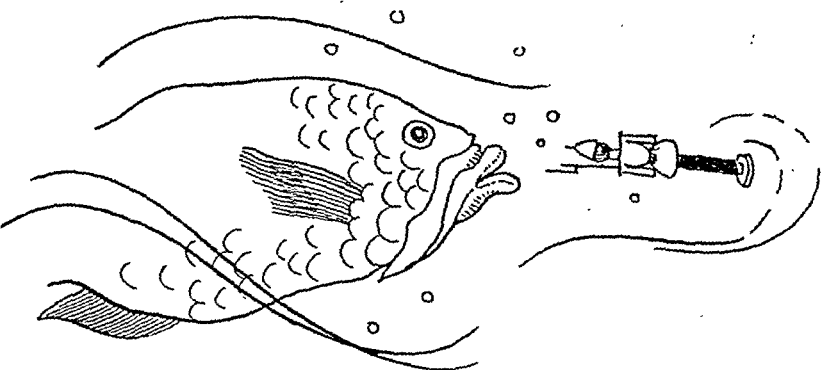
Suddenly there came a great rat, who chased after the boat. "Stop him, stop him!" cried the rat. "I'll have him, I'll have him! What does he mean by coming along my drain!"

The stream became stronger and stronger, and carried the boat quickly away from the fierce rat. The water was running swiftly to a canal, and the poor tin soldier could hear the rush of the water as he got near to where the drain entered the canal. He felt very much frightened, but he didn't move an eyebrow. He remembered that he was a soldier and must never show fear.

His paper boat was getting fuller and fuller. At last it was so full that the water stood right up to his neck and he felt sure that in another moment he would be drowned. Then with a swirl and a rush he was swept right out into the canal, his boat sank, and the waters closed over his head.

"Now I shall surely drown!" thought the little tin soldier.

But at that very moment he was snapped up by a great fish! Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! And so narrow too. But the brave tin soldier lay unmoved, never showing for a moment how very much afraid he was.



The fish swam to and fro, and then he suddenly became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning . . . the daylight shone through, and a voice said aloud—"Why, a tin soldier! He has been swallowed by the fish!"

The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She seized the soldier, and carried him upstairs to the nursery to show the children what a find she had made.

"He is quite a hero!" she said, and placed him on the table for the children to see.

They bent over to see the wonderful

HAPPY STORIES.

DO YOU KNOW

1. In what way the little tin soldier was different from all the others ?
2. How the tin soldier escaped from the fish ?
3. Tell what you know about the dancer who lived in the cardboard castle.
4. Look at the words below. Some are *names of things* ; some are *doing words* or names of things that are done. First of all pick out all the names of things and write them down. Then choose a doing word and write it down opposite the name to which it belongs.

For example :—*Birds sing*.

Birds is a name ; *Sing* is a doing word.

The words you have to sort out are :—Birds, puff, swim, engines, sing, dogs, fish, bark.

5. Write down as many names of things as you can find on page 23.

SOMETHING TO DO.

6. Write out and remember :—
“ A word which is the name of something is called a NOUN.”
7. Write out a list of ten nouns.

6. THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A crow once saw a big piece of bread and cheese lying on a window-sill, waiting for the gardener to fetch it for his lunch. She flew down at once, picked up

the lump of cheese, and made off with it.

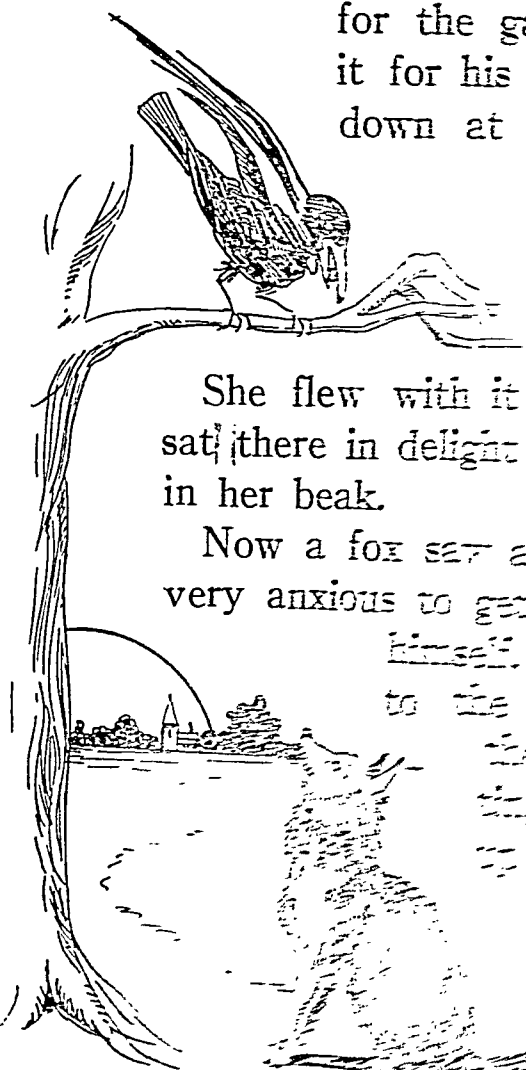
She flew with it to a tree and sat there in delight with the cheese in her beak.

Now a fox saw all this and was very anxious to get the cheese for himself. So he ran up to the tree in which

the crow was sitting, and looked up at her.

"How nice the cheese looks!" he said. "Will you please drop a little for me?"

"No," said the crow, "I won't do that."



be most astonished. "What a very beautiful bird you are, to be sure! How your feathers gleam in the sun, and how pretty your wings are!"

The crow listened in delight.

"And how bright your eyes are!" said the fox. "Surely you are the most beautiful of all birds! Oh, Mistress Crow, if your voice matches your body, it must be indeed beautiful. Please, I pray you, sing me something, and let me hear your pretty voice!"

The crow felt more delighted than ever. She opened her beak and gave a harsh croak.

Directly she opened her beak the cheese fell out, and tumbled down on to the ground below, where the cunning fox was waiting for it. He snatched it up at once, and ran off with it.

"I don't think much of your voice!" he cried, "but I think a lot of your cheese, Mistress Crow. A thousand thanks for letting me have it!"

DO YOU KNOW

1. Which of the following words could be used to describe the crow and which to describe the fox?

Clever, vain, foolish, sly, simple.

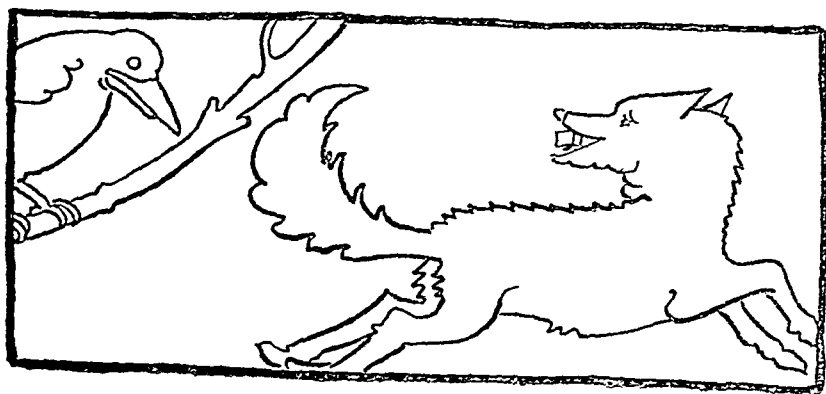
2. Why the fox told the crow that she was beautiful?

3. The names of any other wild animals? *lion, tiger, elephant, bear, etc.*

4. The names of any birds?

SOMETHING TO DO.

5. Tell any other stories you know about foxes or birds.
6. Make a list of all *the names of things* (nouns) given in this story. What did we say is the name given to such words?
7. Complete this sentence:—"A — is a name such as —, —, or —."
8. Act this story as a little play.



7. THE SNOWBALL.

Once upon a time when all the ground was white with snow and the roofs were trimmed with icicles, a little boy went out into the world to make snowballs.

His mother wrapped him up so nice and warm from head to toe that you could scarcely see anything of him but the tip of his nose; and when the robins that lived in his own garden saw him, they did not know him.

They flew away to the top of the fence, and cocked their heads first on one side, and then on the other, as if they were thinking, "Who can this be?" but by-and-by they found out.

"Chirp, chirp," they said to each other. "It is only the little boy who throws us crumbs from the window"; and they flew down into the snow again to watch him make snowballs.

The little boy knew just how to make snowballs, and how to throw them, too, for he had seen his big cousin do it. First he took a handful of snow, and then he

packed it tightly in his hands, and then, hurrah! he threw it as far as he could.

It was great fun to play in the snow, and the little boy was sorry when he was told it was time for him to go in.

"As soon as I make one more," he answered; and he made such a big snowball that he thought he must take it into the house to show his mother.

Now the little boy's mother had gone to market while he was playing in the snow; but he took the snowball into her room, and put it on the hearth so that she might see it when she came home.

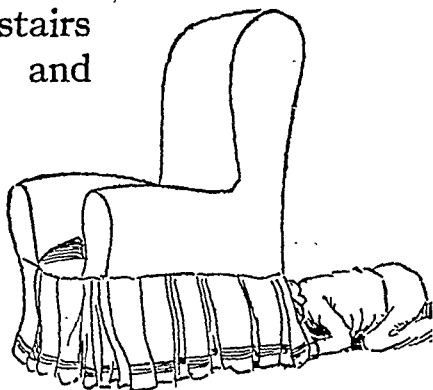
"Oh! what a nice big fire," he said; and he climbed up into the rocking chair close beside it to wait for his mother. But he was so warm that he went fast asleep.

When he woke up his mother was still away at the market, and the fire was still laughing louder than ever.

But when he looked on the hearth for his snowball it was gone! There was nothing there at all but a little pool of water.

The little boy looked under the chair and under the bed and under the dresser, upstairs and downstairs high and low; but he could not find the snowball anywhere. What do you think had become of it?

By Maud Lindsay.



DO YOU KNOW ?

1. How you would make a snowball ?
2. What happened to the snowball when it was taken into the house ?
3. Why the fire laughed ?

SOMETHING TO DO.

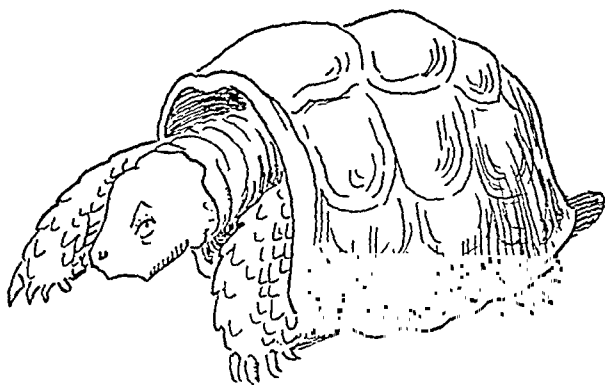
4. Arrange the following words in pairs, so that they make sense. For example :—*Green trees.*
Snowballs, trees, fire, rocking, cold, green, robin, chirping, bright, chair.
5. Now write a sentence about each of these pairs of words. For example :—The *green trees* grew in a forest.

8. A LETTER TO YOU FROM A DOG.

Dear Children,

I am so excited because Christmas is getting nearer and nearer. Pat, the cat, knows about it, and Sandy, the puppy, is always barking about it. Only one person doesn't know about Christmas, and that is Thomasina, the tortoise. She buried herself in the ground a few weeks ago near the hollyhocks. I thought she ought to know about Christmas, so Sandy and I dug her up.

"There isn't such a thing as Christmas!" she said. "I've lived many years and I



have never met a Christmas yet." Then she buried herself again. Sandy said

Thomasina hadn't known a Christmas because she was always asleep then. So we dug her up again to tell her to keep awake. But she was awfully cross, and said that if anybody dug up a tortoise three times they would turn into tortoises themselves. So we don't like to dig her up again, in case. Do you think it's true? Well, she won't get a Christmas stocking, that's all!

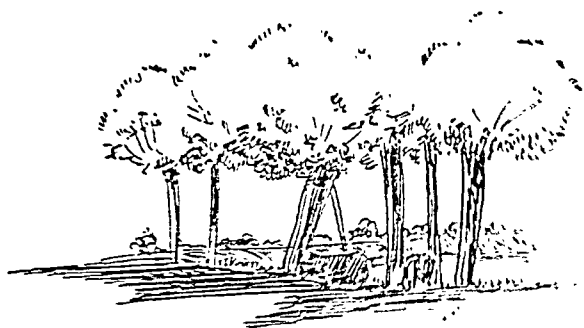
Yours waggingly,
BOBS.

DO YOU KNOW

1. What was the name of the tortoise?
2. Why was it that the tortoise did not know anything about Christmas?
3. What a hollyhock is like?

SOMETHING TO DO.

4. Do you know the story of the tortoise and the hare?
If you do, ask teacher if you can tell it to the class.



9. THE POND THAT DRIED UP.

There was once a pond in a field on which ducks and geese swam every day. The cows came to stand in it when they were hot, and the horses came to drink from it. The swallows skimmed above it to catch the flies over the surface, and frogs and fishes lived in its cool depth. It was a very nice pond indeed, and all the animals and birds loved it.

Now ~~there was~~ a very hot summer when the sun shone down on the pond day after day. Little by little the water grew ~~less~~. Some of the animals moved to, though they went there every day. Then one morning when the ducks and geese waited to go to swim, they found that

there was no pond left—only just a little puddle at one end—and, goodness me, a donkey was drinking that! When he had finished there was no pond left at all.

“That horrid donkey has drunk up all the pond!” cried a goose, angrily. “He must have been drinking all night long! Now we haven’t any water to swim in.”

“There is only mud for us to live in,” said a frog on the bank, and he croaked sorrowfully. “Did that donkey really drink up our pond?”

“Well, we saw him finishing it up this morning!” said a duck. “He must have started in the night and gone on till day. He is a very mean donkey, and ought to be punished!”

Then the cows came down, and were very much surprised to find no pond. Soon the ducks had told them about the donkey, and they were very angry. When the two brown horses came to drink, the cows told them what had happened.

“Catch the donkey and punish him!” said the horses. So all the birds and animals

went after the donkey and surrounded him and he was very much astonished.

"I didn't drink your pond!" he said. "There was only a little puddle of it left when I passed by this morning, and as I was thirsty I drank it." But that's all I did, really and truly."

"We don't believe you," said a duck. "And unless you fill our pond for us again at once we will punish you. The ducks will peck you, the geese will flap you with their wings, and the horses will nibble your tail!"

Then the donkey was filled with woe, and he lifted up his head and brayed loudly and dolefully. "Hee-haw!" he went. "Hee-haw, hee-haw!"

And just at that very moment a thunder-storm blew up and the rain came down in torrents. How it rained and thundered, and how the lightning flashed and gleamed! The pond was soon full to the brim with rain, and when



the storm was over all the animals and birds cried out in joy to see the pond there once more.

“Oh, clever donkey!” they said. “We will make you our King!”

And so they did, though the poor donkey doesn't know why to this day.

By Enid Blyton.

DO YOU KNOW

1. The names of any birds which can swim as well as fly ?
2. Why the goose was angry with the donkey ?
3. The names of all the creatures who lived in or near to the pond ?
4. Why was the donkey made king ?

SOMETHING TO DO.

5. How many words can you find in the list below which could be used to describe : -
(a) a pool. (b) a swallow. (c) a donkey.
The words are : Cool, shady, swift, noisy, round, deep, twittering, braying, mean.
6. If you wished to speak of more than one pool you would say *pools*. How would you write down the words which mean more than one : Donkey, man, goose, fish, box, fox, wife, child.

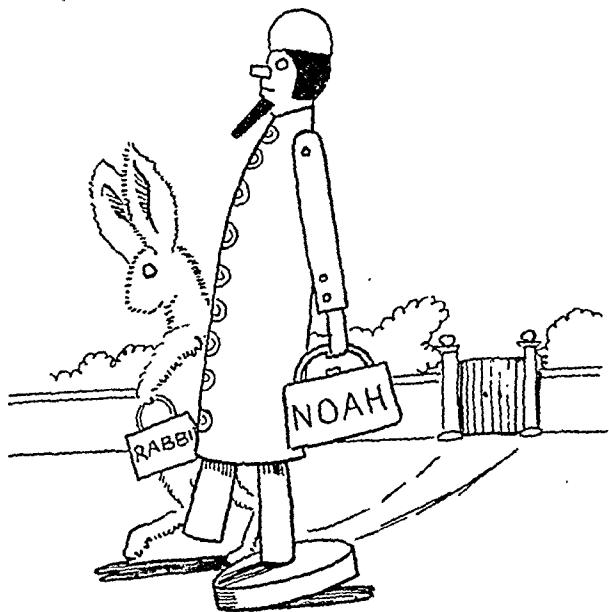
10. THE BELLS OF LONDON.

(This is what you should say when you play "Oranges and Lemons.")

Gay go up and gay go down
To ring the bells of London town.

Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.
Oranges and Lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's,
Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.
Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Kettles and pans;
Say the bells of St. Anne's.
You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.
When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey
When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.
Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.
I'm sure I don't know,
Says the great bell of Bow.



II. NOAH AND RABBIT MISS THE TRAIN.

"We have just time to catch the train," said Noah.

"But we must hurry," said Rabbit.

They took up their bags and hurried off. They went down the path and out through the gate.

"What a bother!" said Noah. "I have forgotten my umbrella. You hurry on and I will go back and get it."

Rabbit went on and Noah hurried back to the Ark. He looked in the umbrella-stand. No umbrella! Where could it be?

He called out, "Has any one seen my umbrella?"

There was no answer, and then he remembered there was no one in the Ark; they were all away at the farm. He put down his bag and his umbrella to look round.

"There it is!" he said. "It must have been under my arm all the time." He picked up the umbrella and hurried off once more.

He was going along the road when he met Rabbit coming back.

"You are going the wrong way," said Noah.

"I know," said Rabbit. "I forgot the haddocks. You hurry on and I will hurry back and get them."

Noah went on and Rabbit hurried back. He went straight into the larder and picked up the haddocks, and off he went once more.

He was going along the road when he met Noah coming back.

"I forgot my bag," panted Noah. "You go on and I will hurry back and get it."

Rabbit went on and Noah hurried back, and he picked it up and started off once more.

He was going along the road when he met Rabbit hurrying back.

"I forgot my bag," panted Rabbit. "You hurry on and I will go back and get it."

"We aren't getting to the station," said Noah.

"One of us is always going," said Rabbit.

"That is true," said Noah, "but one of us is always coming back."

"That is better than both coming back," said Rabbit.

"But not so good as both going," said Noah.

"Not quite," said Rabbit.

"The best thing is to start all over again," said Noah.

"That is certainly the best thing," said Rabbit.

They went back to the Ark.

"We are now ready to start," said Noah.

"Have I got my bag and umbrella, Rabbit?"

"Bag—yes! Umbrella—yes! Have I got my bag and the haddocks, Noah?"

"Bag—yes! Haddocks—yes! All ready! Off we go!"

"Wait a bit," said Rabbit. "Have you got the tickets?"

"No," said Noah, "don't you remember I gave them to you when you were polish-ing the kettle?"

"Yes," said Rabbit, "but I gave them back to you when you were dusting the coal-box."

"So you did," said Noah. "I put them in the salt-cellar till I had emptied the inkpot."

"So you did," said Rabbit, "and I took them out of the salt-cellar and put them under the candlestick."

"So you did," said Noah. "I wondered what they were doing under the candlestick, so I put them in the dust-pan till I had washed the milk-jug."

"It is a good thing we have safe places to put things in," said Rabbit. "If you put

them in a safe place you always know where they are."

"So you do," said Noah. "Where is the dust-pan, Rabbit?"

"I don't know," said Rabbit. "I thought you knew."

They hunted everywhere. No dust-pan.

"No dust-pan, no tickets," said Noah.

"No tickets, no train," said Rabbit.

"I remember where it is," cried Noah.

"I put it in the cupboard till I had emptied the teapot. I remember thinking we should be certain to find it there."

"Here it is," cried Rabbit. "Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" cried Noah. And then they both stood and stared at it. No tickets!

"Where can they be?" cried Rabbit.

"I remember now," said Noah. "I put them in my pocket before I put the dust-pan in the cupboard. Here they are! Come on, Rabbit! We must hurry!"

Off they went as fast as they could go. They hardly stopped, even to take breath, till they got to the station.

"She's in!" gasped Noah. "We're in time."

"Only just!" gasped Rabbit.

There was a loud whistle from the engine.

"She's off!" gasped Noah and Rabbit.

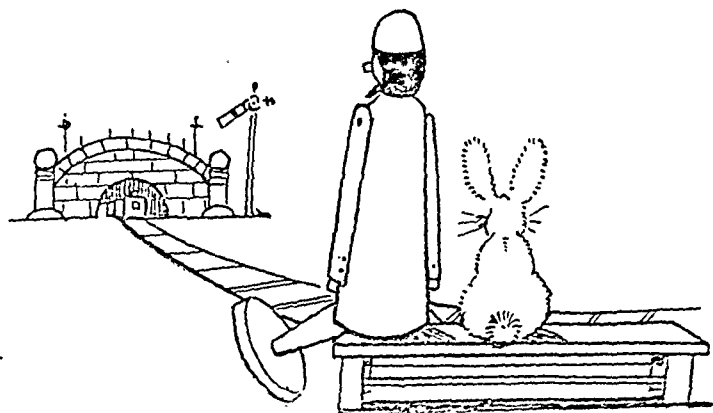
The Toy Express ran quickly down the line. Noah and Rabbit sat on the platform and watched her get smaller and smaller.

"We have missed the train!" said Noah and Rabbit.

"I am glad we did," said Noah. "I have come away without my bag and my umbrella."

"So you have," said Rabbit, "and I have forgotten my bag and the haddocks."

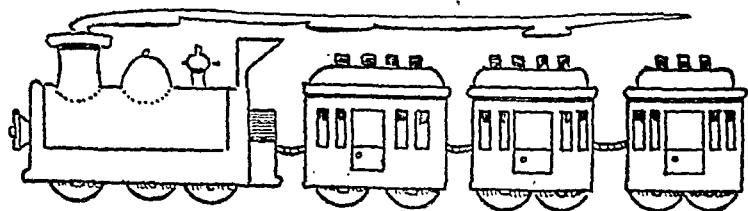
From "Noah and Rabbit," by Herbert McKay.



HAPPY STORIES.

SOMETHING TO DO.

1. Write out a list of things which Noah forgot and then a list of things which Rabbit forgot.
2. Write out a list of all the places where the tickets had been hidden.
3. Which of the following words would you use to describe Noah and Rabbit ?
Careless, forgetful, intelligent, lazy.
4. A great part of this story is told in the actual words used by Noah and Rabbit. Tell the actual words which would be used by anybody saying :—
 - (a) He wanted the door opening.
 - (b) He wanted something to eat.
 - (c) He had put the tickets under the salt-cellar.
 - (d) The candlesticks wanted cleaning.
5. Act the story of Noah and Rabbit catching the train.



12. BRER RABBIT GOES A-FISHING.

X Brer Fox decided that he had better make friends with Brer Rabbit, for he couldn't seem to get the better of him at all. So the two made peace for a while, and got on very well indeed.

One day Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer Coon and Brer Bear, and a whole lot of others were digging up some ground to plant potatoes in.

The sun was very hot, and Brer Rabbit began to feel very tired. But he didn't like to say so, for he knew everyone would say he was lazy, so he kept on with his work.

Then by-and-by he called out that he had got a thorn in his hand, and he stopped work. He slipped off to find a nice cool place to rest in. After a while he came to a well, with a bucket hanging in it.

"That looks nice and cool," said Brer Rabbit, "and nice and cool I guess it is. I've a good mind to jump in and take a nap."

And with that, he jumped into the bucket—but he had no sooner got in than the bucket began to go down the well!

Brer Rabbit was so scared that he shivered and shook like leaves in the wind. He almost shook himself right out of the bucket. He knew where he had come from, but he didn't at all know where he was going to. As he went down the well he saw another bucket coming up, for there were two buckets in the well, worked on a pulley. When one went down the other came up. Soon his bucket hit the water, and then stopped still. Brer Rabbit kept very still, for he didn't know what might happen if he moved. He just lay there, and tried not to shiver and shake.

Now Brer Fox always kept one eye on Brer Rabbit, and when he saw him go slipping off he crept after him. He knew Brer Rabbit was up to something or other, and he meant to find out what it was.

Brer Fox saw Brer Rabbit go up to the well and stop. Then he saw him jump

into the bucket, and then, lo and behold, he saw him go down the well out of sight.

Brer Fox was just the most astonished fox that ever anyone could see. He sat down in the bushes, and thought and thought and thought about what he had seen, but he couldn't make head or tail of the business. X

"Well, if this just doesn't beat anything ever I saw!" he said. "I can make a fine guess what Brer Rabbit's doing down there! I expect he keeps all his money in the well, that's what he does. And if it isn't that, well, he must have discovered a gold-mine. And if it isn't that then I'm mighty sure I'm going to find out what it is!"

Brer Fox crept a little nearer. He listened, but he couldn't hear anything at all. He went a bit nearer still, and still he didn't hear anything. He kept on getting nearer and nearer, till he reached the well itself. He peeped down it, but it was so deep and dark he couldn't see Brer

Rabbit, and he couldn't hear anything at all. He couldn't understand it.

Now all this time Brer Rabbit was as scared as could be, and he dared not move in case the bucket spilt him into the water. As he lay there, as miserable as a coon that's lost a shilling, he heard old Brer Fox shouting.

"Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Who are you visiting down there?"

"Who? Me?" said Brer Rabbit. "Oh, I'm not visiting anybody, Brer Fox. I'm just a-fishing. I said to myself 'I'll surprise Brer Fox and Brer Coon and Brer Bear by getting them a nice dish of fish for dinner,' so here I am, and here are the fishes. I'm fishing for eels, Brer Fox!"

"Are there many eels down there?" asked Brer Fox.

"Lots and lots of them, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit. "Hundreds and hundreds—and my, but they're mighty big ones, biggest I ever saw in my life."

"Is that so, Brer Rabbit?" said Brer Fox, most interested.

"That certainly is so," said Brer Rabbit.
"Why don't you come down and join me,



Brer Fox? You could help me haul them
in."

"Yes, but how can I get down?" asked Brer Fox.

"Oh, just jump into the bucket, Brer Fox, same as I did," said Brer Rabbit. "It'll fetch you down here all safe and sound."

Well, Brer Rabbit talked so cheerfully and sounded so jolly and happy that Brer Fox thought he really must be having a fine time.

So he jumped into the bucket. He was heavier than Brer Rabbit, and the bucket ran down quickly to the water, pulling up Brer Rabbit's bucket as it went.

Brer Fox was most surprised to see Brer Rabbit coming up in a bucket passing him. As they passed, Brer Rabbit began to sing loudly:—

"Good-bye, Brer Fox, take care of your clothes,
For this is the way the old world goes,
Some go up and some go down,
You'll get to the bottom all safe and sound."

When Brer Rabbit got out, he galloped off to the house near the well, and told the people there that Brer Fox was down in

the bucket muddying up the drinking water.

Then he galloped back to the well and shouted down to Brer Fox:—

“Here comes a man with a great big gun,
When he hauls you up, you jump and run.”

So of course that's what Brer Fox did. He jumped clean out of the bucket when the man hauled it up to the top, and raced off to where all the others were digging away on the potato ground.

He was soon working away as if he had never heard of wells or buckets in his life—but every now and then old Brer Rabbit gave him a poke in the ribs, and laughed so loudly that all the others wondered why.

But you can depend on it that Brer Fox never told them.

DO YOU KNOW

1. Why Brer Rabbit climbed into the bucket ?
2. Why Brer Fox got into the other bucket ?
3. What happened next ?

SOMETHING TO DO.

4. Tell this story in your own words.
5. Choose somebody to be Brer Fox, somebody Brer Rabbit, and somebody to be the man. Now act the story.
6. Draw a picture of the well and of Brer Fox looking down it.
7. Arrange these words to make sense :—
 - (a) Bucket the into jump.
 - (b) Old laughed Brer loudly Rabbit.
 - (c) Join down come and me.
 - (d) Sounded happy jolly Rabbit Brer and.
8. Write one sentence about each of the following :—
 - (a) Brer Rabbit. (b) Brer Fox. (c) the well.
9. Here is a rhyming and spelling game for you. One of your class-mates says a word. Suppose the word is *sing*. Other scholars must write down a list of as many words as they can which rhyme with the given word. You will find heaps of them—*ring, thing, king, spring*. The pupil who gets the longest list of *correctly spelt* words chooses the next word for rhyming.

13. THE MAN, HIS SON, AND THE DONKEY.

One day a man and his son took their donkey to market to sell him, for they needed money. They led the animal, and walked by his side, wondering if they would find a good customer for him.

Very soon they met a girl, and she stood and laughed at them.

"Why do you walk, when you can ride upon the donkey?" she cried.

The man told his son to get on the donkey's back. He did so, and off they set once more.

A little way on, they met an old man. He looked at the son on the donkey, and shook his head.

"What sort of a young man is this," he asked, "who rides the donkey whilst his poor old father walks? In my young days it was very different."

The man listened, and told his son to get down at once. The boy got down, and his father jumped up in his place. Then off they went once more.

Presently they met a group of women, coming home from market. They stood and stared at the man on his donkey, and pointed at him with their fingers.

"Look at that poor tired boy, walking in the hot sun whilst his lazy father rides on the donkey!" they cried. "For shame! For shame!"

When the man heard this, he told his son to jump up on the donkey's back too, then no one could say anything. He did so, and off they went again, both jog-jogging on the donkey's back.

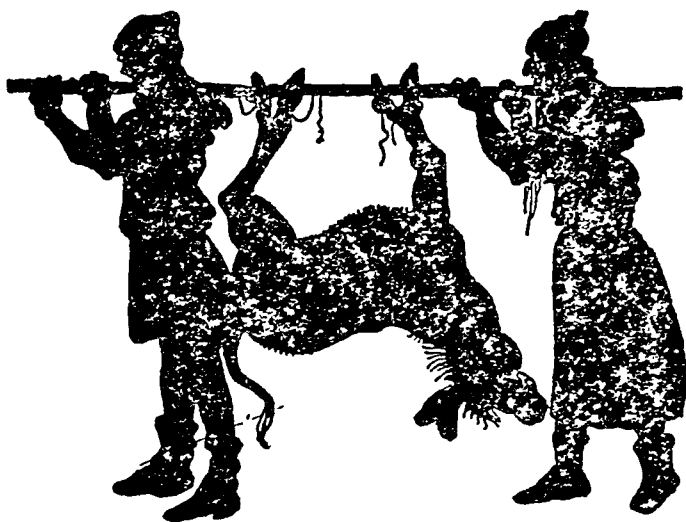
They were nearly into town when a young man saw them and called out:—

"Hi!" he cried. "Fancy two men riding on one poor beast! What a cruel thing to do! Why, it seems to me that you two are more fit to carry the donkey than he is to carry you!"

The man listened. Then he got down, and told his son to get off the donkey's back too.

"We will carry him ourselves," said the man, "then surely everyone will be pleased!"

So they fetched a pole, and tied the donkey's legs to it. Then each of them took one end of the pole on their shoulders, and set off for market once more, carrying the donkey upside down between them.



Soon they came to a bridge, where some children stood. When they saw the donkey being carried along on the pole they were most astonished, and they danced along beside it over the bridge, laughing and shouting.

The poor donkey was terrified, besides being most uncomfortable. He made a great effort to get free, and kicked his legs loose. Then he jumped straight over the bridge into the river and was taken away by the current so that he was soon lost to sight.

The man and his son watched him go.

"Ah, me!" said the man sadly, as he turned to go home, "this is what comes of trying to please everybody. I have pleased nobody, not even myself! Next time I will stick to what I want, and maybe I shall not lose my donkey!"

DO YOU KNOW

1. Why the girl laughed and why the old man shook his head?
2. Why the women pointed at the man on the donkey?
3. What the young man said when he saw *two* people riding the donkey?
4. What the man and his son then tried to do?

SOMETHING TO DO.

5. Complete this sentence. This story shows that
"Whatever you do you cannot — —."
6. Copy these sentences into your exercise book and use words from the list below to complete them.
 - (a) He bought a pound of —.
 - (b) He was carried away by the —.
 - (c) He had a — of water.
 - (d) The boy was —.
 - (e) — are you going to, my pretty maid.
 - (f) You can — your best suit.
 - (g) — you at school last Thursday?

The words you may use are:—

³Where, ¹wear, ⁴were, ⁵pale, ²pail, ¹currants, ²current.

7. A spelling game. Find ten words in this story which you think are hard to spell. Make quite sure that you can spell these correctly yourself. Then you can have a spelling bee. Your teacher will tell you what to do.

14. THE PIXIE WHO KILLED THE MOON.

There was once upon a time a silly little pixie called Big Eyes. He never stopped to think about anything at all, and he always believed every single thing he was told.

When a chestnut fell down on his head one night he ran away in terror, shouting at the top of his voice: *forget*

"A star has fallen on me! A star has fallen on me!"

The other pixies, who had seen the chestnut fall, laughed at him. "Catch it, then!" they cried. "It is shining in your hair!"

Big Eyes leant over a pool and, sure enough, he saw a star shining, as he thought, in his hair.

He took a comb and combed all night, but he couldn't find the star. I'm not surprised either. Are you?

Another time he heard a nightingale singing, and he wanted to take it home to live with him, but it wouldn't come. It

sat in its bush and sang beautifully and took no notice of Big Eyes.

"Build a fence round the bush!" said the other pixies. "Then he can't get away, Big Eyes."

So Big Eyes gathered a great deal of bracken and weaved a tight little fence all round the bush.

The nightingale watched him with great interest. "What's that for, Big Eyes?" he asked.

"Wait and see," said Big Eyes.

So the nightingale waited. When the fence was finished Big Eyes jumped over it and laughed.

"Ho! ho!" he cried. "Now I've got you, my little nightingale! Come home with me and live in my cottage. You shall have wild strawberries for breakfast, and I will polish your beak every morning for you."

"No, not I," said the nightingale.

"But you must," said Big Eyes.

"Trilla—trilla—trilla!" sang the nightingale, mockingly. "You cannot make me!"

"Yes, I can!" said Big Eyes. "I have built a fence all round you, and you cannot escape me. I shall catch you and take you home with me."

"Catch me, then!" cried the nightingale, and spread his wings. He flew straight up and over the fence and disappeared singing into the wood.

All the watching pixies laughed as Big Eyes stared in dismay.

"Why don't you think, Big Eyes?" they cried. "You knew that a nightingale could fly! Why didn't you think?"

Big Eyes was upset, but he didn't try to mend his ways—not he! It was too much bother, and he wasn't going to try. X

Now one day a child went through the wood in which Big Eyes lived. She carried a big yellow balloon, and it floated prettily behind her. Suddenly there came a great gust of wind and—puff—the string was blown out of her hand and the balloon went sailing gaily away into the wood. It floated through the air for a long time,

until it came to the place where Big Eyes was having his dinner.

It landed just by him and stayed there with its string caught in a bramble bush. Big Eyes jumped up in fright, for he had heard no noise and hadn't seen the balloon coming.



Crash! went his plate; and splash! went his soup, while Big Eyes fled through the wood howling with fright.

"What's the matter?" cried everyone.

"The moon's fallen down by me!" wept Big Eyes. "The big yellow moon! It came whilst I was eating my dinner, and almost killed me!"

The pixies laughed loudly and went to see what it was.

"Isn't he a silly?" they said, when they saw it was only a balloon. "He always cries before he's hurt. Let's pretend it is the moon, and see what he'll do!"

So they pretended it was the moon, and Big Eyes told them again and again how it had nearly fallen on his head and killed him.

"It was a shame to give you such a fright!" said the pixies. "I should punish the moon if I were you!"

"How?" asked Big Eyes.

"Well, prick it with a pin!" said the pixies. "That will make the moon squeal out and punish it finely. But wait until it is asleep in the hot sun!"

So Big Eyes waited. He got a very long pin and hid himself in the bushes near by. Then, when the sun was high in the sky at midday and he thought the moon was sleeping he crept up to it.

With a trembling hand he stuck the pin into the fat yellow balloon.

"BANG!" It burst with a tremendous explosion, and Big Eyes was nearly frightened to death. All the watching pixies were scared, too, and tumbled head over heels in the bushes.

Big Eyes fled for his life. He jumped down a rabbit hole and sat there trembling

"Oh, dear! Oh dear!" he said "I've killed the moon! It's burst all to nothing! I've killed the moon! What will the Fairy Queen say to me? Oh, dear! Oh, dear, dear!"

The more he thought about it the more he shivered and shook.

"I've killed it dead," he said. "Bang! it went like that—and all because I pricked it with a pin! How was I to know that would kill the moon? And now we won't be able to dance in the moonlight any more!"

All that day and all that night, and the next day, too, Big Eyes sat in his hole, sad and sorry.

"I didn't mean to," he wept. "It was only to punish the moon for frightening me. I hope the Queen won't be angry!"

When the evening of the next day came poor Big Eyes determined to go to the Queen and confess what he had done.

So he crept out of his hole and made his way to the glade where the Fairy Queen held her court. She was there, and welcomed the trembling little pixie.

"What's the matter, Big Eyes?" she asked.

"Oh, Your Majesty!" wept Big Eyes. "I've done a dreadful thing! I've killed the moon!"

"Killed the moon!" said the Queen in astonishment. "You can't have done that, Big Eyes!"

"But I did!" said Big Eyes. "I pricked it with a pin and it went BANG—like that, and died!"

The Fairy Queen laughed. Then she took Big Eyes by the arm and pointed to a hill in the distance.

"See!" she said. "What is that peeping over the hill yonder?"

Big Eyes looked. It was the big round

THE PIXIE WHO KILLED THE MOON. 65
moon, yellow and bright, rising slowly
above the hill.

He stared in astonishment. So he hadn't
killed it after all!

"The other pixies have made fun of you
instead of helping you!" said the Queen.
"They will be punished. And you, Big
Eyes, you must use your brains and
think. Go back to the pixie school and
learn all you can. Then you will never
be so silly again!"

Big Eyes was so glad to think that he
hadn't really killed the moon that he went
home singing all the way. And I'm sure
you will all be glad to know that he was
never so stupid again.

By Enid Blyton.



DO YOU KNOW

1. Why the pixie could not find a star in his hair ?
2. Why the pixie's plan to catch the nightingale was of no use ?

SOMETHING TO DO.

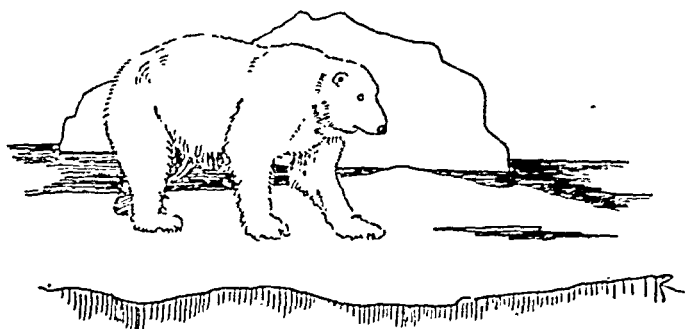
3. Tell the story of how the pixie thought he had killed the moon.
4. Make up another story about the foolish pixie and tell it to the class.

5. Look at these words :—

Yellow, red, sharp, white, daisy, knife, butter, balloon.
Some of these are nouns ; some are words which tell you about things.

Arrange the words in pairs, as for example :—*Yellow butter.*

6. Now add another descriptive word to each pair and write down a sentence containing all three words.
For example :—*I like creamy, yellow butter.*
7. Write out and remember : "A word that tells us about a noun is called an ADJECTIVE."



15. THE OLD MAN IN THE FUR COAT.

✓ Do you know who “the old man in the fur coat” is? It is the Polar Bear! The hunters give him that name when they seek for him in the Arctic regions where he lives.

His coat is creamy yellow, and is difficult to see against the white snow. This helps him when he is hunting for food, for it makes it easier for him to catch his prey. He is a very good swimmer, and spends a good deal of his time in the water. ✓

“But doesn’t he get very cold?” you will say. No, he doesn’t, because his coat is very thick, and is so oily that the cold

water cannot get through it. When he walks on the ice he does not feel the cold either, for underneath each foot he has long thick hairs and these keep his feet warm, and also prevent him from slipping and sliding to and fro.

He has a small head on a long neck, which makes it easy for him to swim fast in the water. If he had a big head he could not move nearly so rapidly, and would find it difficult to catch porpoises and seals.

✕ Sometimes he catches seals in a cunning way. He finds their breathing hole, and lies down by it, keeping quite still and quiet. When a seal comes up to breathe, the bear strikes him quickly with his paw, and then drags the stunned animal out of the water to devour him.✕

Baby bears are reared in a nursery under the snow. This sounds very cold and bleak, but the little bears are warm and snug there. When they are old enough, the parent bears take them out on the ice, and teach them to hunt.

They do not take a great while to learn how to catch seals and fish, and are soon able to care for themselves.

DO YOU KNOW

1. The name of the people who live in the Arctic regions ?
2. What sort of houses these people live in ?
3. Why the animals wear "fur coats" ?

SOMETHING TO DO.

4. Draw a picture of a polar bear.
5. Tell what he looks like and how he catches fish.
6. You have already met with a number of words which *sound* much the same when spoken, but which are not spelt the same and mean different things. Here are two more pairs of words:—

Fur, fair. Were, wear.

Copy out the sentences below and complete them:—

- (a) Will you — your best coat ?
- (b) He had a pair of — gloves.
- (c) One sister was dark the other —.
- (d) They — looking for mushrooms.

16. THE WIND AND THE SUN.

The Wind and the Sun once had a quarrel.

"I am stronger than you!" said the Wind.

"What nonsense!" said the Sun. "Everyone knows I am far more powerful than you are!"

"Well, prove it then!" said the Wind. "Do you see that traveller coming along with his cloak over his shoulders?"

"Yes," said the Sun. "What of it?"

"Well, we will each of us see who can get the man's cloak off first," said the Wind. "Whoever does so is the winner. Do you agree?"

"By all means," said the Sun.

The Wind then began to blow his hardest, and the man's cloak began to flutter in the air. The man pulled it more closely round him and shivered, for the Wind was cold.

The Wind blew harder. The man still held his cloak firmly round him, and would not loosen it. Then the Wind be-

came angry. He poured down rain, and then hail, he howled round the man, and tugged at his cloak furiously.

"What a dreadful storm!" said the poor traveller. "I am glad I have my cloak. It keeps the cold and the wet from me."

He pulled it closely round him, and pinned it firmly at the neck. The Wind could not tear it off him at all.

Then the Sun had his turn. The Wind died down, and the Sun began to shine warmly.

He sent away the clouds and the mist, and all the rain and hail vanished. The Sun shone more and more warmly.

The traveller loosened his cloak. "How warm it is getting," he said.

The Sun shone very hotly, and at last blazed down as if it was Midsummer. The



traveller felt so hot that he unpinned his cloak and took it right off.

"Oho!" said the Sun to the Wind. "I have won, you see. I have made the man take off his cloak!"

"You are right," said the Wind, and quarrelled no more with the Sun.

DO YOU KNOW

1. What the Wind did to try to show that he was stronger than the Sun?
2. How the Sun gained the victory?
3. There is a "lesson" behind this story?

Here is the lesson written so that the words are in the wrong order. See if you can make sense of it.

\ Cruelty ³more ²does kindness ^bgood than⁵.

4. There are some words which seem to go very well together. For example:—

The sun blazed down.

Try to sort out the following words into pairs:—

Rain¹, whistled², bird³, rolled⁴, waves⁵, poured⁶, soared⁷,
wind.

17. THE STORY OF A SECRET.

This is the story of a secret.

It was Bushy Squirrel's secret, and the secret was where he had hidden his nuts.

He had hidden them in the hollow oak-tree, and covered them with leaves. He thought it was such a clever place to think of.

"Nobody will ever look there," he said. "It's a secret, a secret, a secret! What fun to have a secret! I won't tell anyone."

"What won't you tell anyone?" asked Chitter-Chatter, the Magpie, who came flying by and heard Bushy talking to himself.

"I shan't tell anyone my secret!" said Bushy.

"Oh, do tell me," said Chitter-Chatter. "I won't tell anyone."

So Bushy told him. He whispered his secret in Chitter-Chatter's little ear.

"This is my secret," he said, ["I've hidden my nuts in the hollow oak-tree."]
Isn't it a clever place?"

"Very," said Chitter-Chatter, and flew off again.

Presently Chitter-Chatter spied Bobtail Bunny frisking down below, and he flew down to him.

"Good morning, Bobtail," he said. "I've just seen Bushy Squirrel. He's got a secret, and he told it to me."

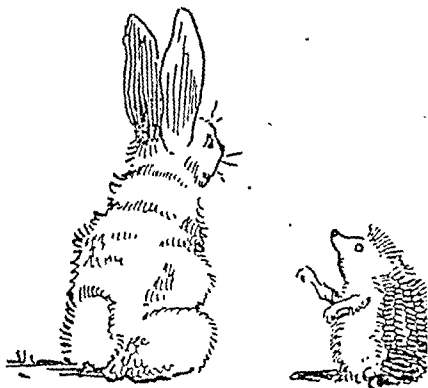
"A secret. Oh, do tell me!" begged Bobtail. "I won't tell anyone!"

So Chitter-Chatter whispered the secret in Bobtail's soft ear.

"This is Bushy's secret," he said. "He's hidden his nuts in the hollow oak tree. Isn't it a clever place?"

"Very," said Bobtail, and scampered off.

He soon saw Prickles, the Hedgehog, running along by a hedge, and he scampered up to him. "Good morning, Prickles," he said. "I've



just seen Chitter Chatter, the Magpie. He knows a secret and he told it to me."

"A secret. Oh, do tell me," begged Prickles. "I won't tell anyone."

So Bobtail Bunny whispered the secret in Prickles' spiky ear.

"This is the secret," he said. "Someone, I won't tell who, has hidden his nuts in the hollow oak tree. Isn't it a clever place?"

"Very," said Prickles, and ran off.

He soon met Frisky Squirrel, Bushy's cousin, and he hurried up to him.

"Good morning, Frisky," he said. "I've just seen Bobtail Bunny. He knows a secret and he told it to me."

"A secret. Oh, do tell me," begged Frisky. "I won't tell anyone."

So Prickles, the Hedgehog, whispered the secret in Frisky's ear.

"This is the secret," he said. "Someone has hidden his nuts in the hollow oak tree. Isn't it a clever place?"

"Very," said Frisky, and leapt away to the oak tree.

On his way he met Bushy Squirrel.

"Good morning, Bushy," he said. "I've just seen Prickles, the Hedgehog. He knows a secret and he told it to me."

"A secret? How lovely! I've got a secret too!" said Bushy. "Do tell me the secret you know, I won't tell anyone."

So Frisky whispered the secret in Bushy's sharp ear.

"This is the secret," he said "Someone has hidden his nuts in the hollow oak tree. Isn't it a clever place? Come along and find them, Bushy. We'll have a lovely feast."

"But that's *my* secret," wailed Bushy. "It's *my* secret! They're my nuts. I thought no one would think of such a clever place!"

"Oh, everybody knows!" said Frisky, in surprise. "Prickles told me. I forget who told Prickles."

"I'm going to ask him," said Bushy crossly, and off he went.

"Who told you my secret, Prickles?" he asked when he found him.

"Bobtail Bunny did," said Prickles, "but I forget who told him."

Bushy went to find Bobtail Bunny.

"Who told you my secret, Bobtail?" he asked, when he found him.

"Chitter-Chatter, the Magpie, did!" said Bobtail. "He said you told him your secret, Bushy."

"So I did, so I did!" said Bushy, "and I wish I hadn't. Oh dear, dear me! I suppose I must go and hide my nuts somewhere else now."

But when he looked for them, they were gone! That rascally squirrel Frisky had taken them.

"And all because nobody could keep a secret," wept poor Bushy. "Well, I'll remember next time that the only way to keep a secret is to keep it yourself."



By Enid Blyton.

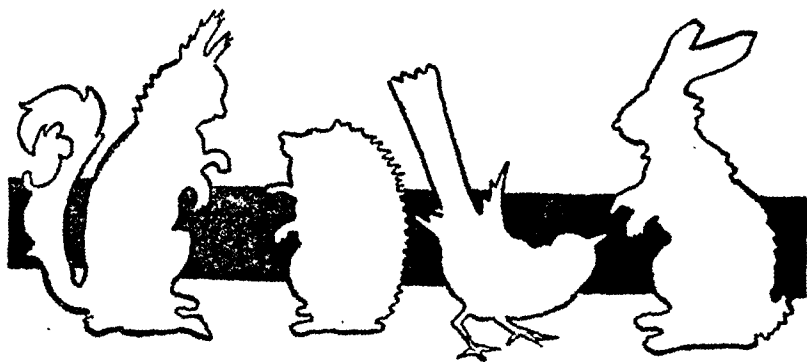
HAPPY STORIES.

DO YOU KNOW

1. Why the magpie was called Chitter-Chatter ?
2. What were the names of the squirrel, the rabbit, the hedgehog ?

SOMETHING TO DO.

3. Draw a picture of any one of the animals mentioned in this story and tell all you can about it.
4. Act this story as a little play.
5. Tell a story like this one, but about a dog who hid a bone in a farm-yard. (See how many birds and animals living on a farm you can bring into your story).



18. HENNY AND PENNY.

Said Henny to Penny, "Do come and see,
I've laid a brown egg for Gillian's tea,
I've put it carefully down in the straw,
It's the prettiest egg that ever I saw!"

Said Penny to Henny, "Now what shall
we do?"

I've laid an egg for Gillian too!

One will be wasted, isn't it sad,

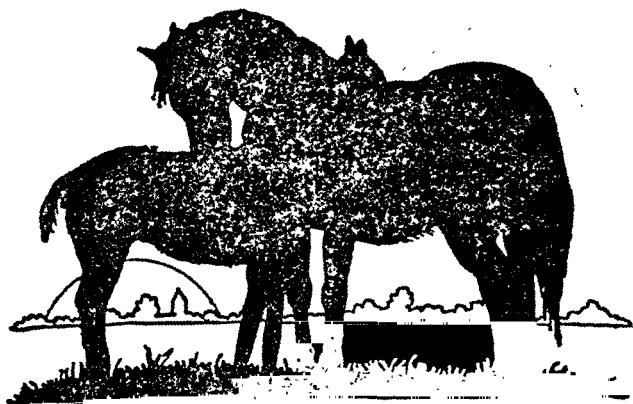
I don't like to think of my egg going bad."

When Gillian Mary came in to tea
She felt just as hungry as hungry could be,
And *what* do you think she suddenly said?
I'll have TWO eggs with my butter and
bread!"

So Henny and Penny are full of delight,
And cluck to each other, "We did QUITE
RIGHT!"

By Enid Blyton.





19. THE LITTLE BLACK HORSE.

✓ The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a ploughed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside; at the top of the meadow was a plantation of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

Whilst I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the day time I ran by her side, and at

night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the plantation. ✓

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the day time, and came back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun. We used to gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would bite and kick as well as gallop.

Our master was a good kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words. He spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He

would pat her and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favourites. My mother always took him to the town on a market day in a light gig.

There was a ploughboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have, what he called, fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on. Over the hedge he jumped in a snap and catching Dick by the arm gave him such a box on the ear as made

him roar with pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

“Bad boy!” he said, “bad boy, to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last—there—take your money and go home, I shall not want you on my farm again.” So we never saw Dick any more.

From “Black Beauty,” by Anna Sewell.

DO YOU KNOW ?

1. What is a “colt”? How many colts lived in the meadow?
2. Who were Dick and Darkie?
3. Can you read and spell : plough, bough, cough, rough, laugh?
4. Without giving its name, describe some animal you have seen or read about. The class have to see if they can find out what animal you are describing.

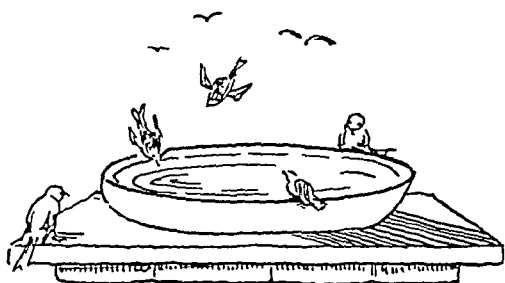
20. A LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

Old Thatch,
Bourne End.

Dear Boys and Girls,

Have you many young birds in your gardens? I have more than ever I have had before! Wherever I go, down the rose walk, into the kitchen garden, over the tennis court, by the lavender bed or round the ponds, I see young birds. They are everywhere, some of them almost under my feet. I am rather surprised to have so many, because I have two sharp-eyed cats, Pat and Bimbo, and although I have tried to teach them not to kill birds, sometimes I am afraid they do—but not very many. They hunt mice, rats and shrews far more than they hunt birds. They also pounce on harmless toads and frogs, but I am glad to say that they don't try to eat those now. They only pat them about with their paws and play with them.

I have more young sparrows than any other birds. Their shrill call sounds all day long. They love the bird-bath, and splash about there so much that I often



have to fill it three times a day. Their parents have left them to look after themselves, and I am sorry to say that the place they chose to leave them was in my rows of peas. I expect the parent birds said to the youngsters, "Now, my dears, it is time you learnt to feed yourselves. See, here is a fine row of peas. Peck open the juicy pods and inside you will find most delicious food." With that the old birds flew off and left their young ones—and oh, my poor peas! When I go along in the morning with my basket to pick peas for dinner, I find scores and scores

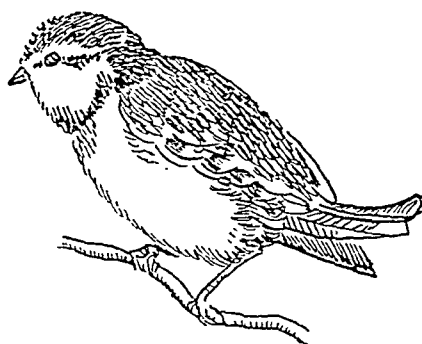
of the pods pecked open and the peas inside gone. And from nearby trees crowds of cheeky baby sparrows watch me, knowing quite well that they have eaten part of my dinner.

Then there are dozens of young thrushes, pretty little things, eagerly looking for caterpillars everywhere. They are so pleased when they find one that they tell all the world about it, and then down swoops a bigger bird and gobbles up the grub in a moment. There are young blackbirds, too, dressed in dark brown like their mothers. It is only the cock birds that are dressed in black, you know.

Young chaffinches are all over the place, frisky little things, very anxious to do all that their mother and father tell them. The water-wagtail has a fine couple of babies, and the blue tits have so many youngsters that I really couldn't tell you what the number is. I meet them all over the garden, little balls of yellow fluff, cheeping and sitting in groups.

The starlings are beginning to join up in groups again, and in the evening a great crowd of them come and sit in the big ash tree near the round pond, parents, youngsters and all, and they do make a noise. They whistle and splutter very loudly, doing their best to say what a lovely day it has been. Then they swoop down to the water and have a perfectly glorious bath. Some keep watch in the tree, and if Bimbo or Pat appears they whistle loudly to the bathers, who at once fly up to the tree in safety. Then they dry themselves in the evening sunshine, and the fluttering of their wings as they spread them out in the warmth is a lovely sound to hear.

Look out for the young birds in your garden, or in the lanes. I know you will love to watch them.



Love from

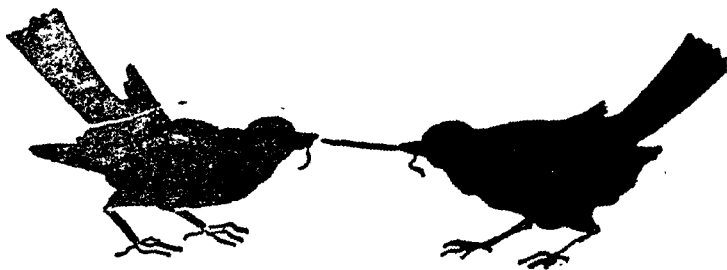
Your Country Friend.

DO YOU KNOW.

1. What are the names of the two cats mentioned in this letter ?
2. What time of the year was it when this letter was written ? Why ?

SOMETHING TO DO.

3. Write down the names of all the kinds of birds mentioned in this letter ? Do you know the names of any other birds ?
4. Write a letter in reply to this. There is much that you can write about. Your country friend has told you about her pets, her garden, and the birds. You can tell about your school, your games, your friends—and perhaps you have a cat or a dog who is far better than either Bimbo or Pat !



21. THE PIG BROTHER.

✓ There was once a child who was untidy. He left his books on the floor, and his muddy shoes on the table; he put his fingers in the jam pots and spilled ink on his best pinafore; there was really no end to his untidiness.

One day the Tidy Angel came into his nursery.

"This will never do," said the Angel, "this is really shocking. You must go out and stay with your brother while I set things to rights here."

"I have no brother!" said the child.

"Yes, you have!" said the Angel. "You may not know him, but he will know you. Go out in the garden and watch for him, and he will soon come."

"I don't know what you mean!" said the child, but he went out into the garden and waited.

Presently a squirrel came along, whisking his tail.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child. The squirrel looked him over carefully.

"Well, I should hope not," he said. "My fur is neat and smooth, my nest is handsomely made, and in perfect order, and my young ones are properly brought up. Why do you insult me by asking such a question?"

He whisked off, and the child waited.

Presently a wren came hopping by.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"No, indeed!" said the wren. "What impertinence! You will find no tidier person than I in the whole garden. Not a feather is out of place, and my eggs are the wonder of all for smoothness and beauty. Brother, indeed!" He hopped off, ruffling his feathers, and the child waited.

By-and-by a large Tommy Cat came along.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"Go and look at yourself in the glass," said the Tommy Cat haughtily, "and you will have your answer. I have been washing myself in the sun all the morning, while it is clear that no water has

come near you for a long time. There are no such creatures as you in my family, I am humbly thankful to say."

He walked on, waving his tail, and the child waited.

Presently a pig came trotting along.

The child did not wish to ask the pig if he were his brother, but the pig did not wait to be asked.

"Hallo, brother," he grunted.

"I am not your brother," said the child.

"Oh, yes you are," said the pig. "I confess I am not proud of you, but there is no mistaking the members of our family. Come along, and have a good roll in the barnyard. There is some lovely black mud there."

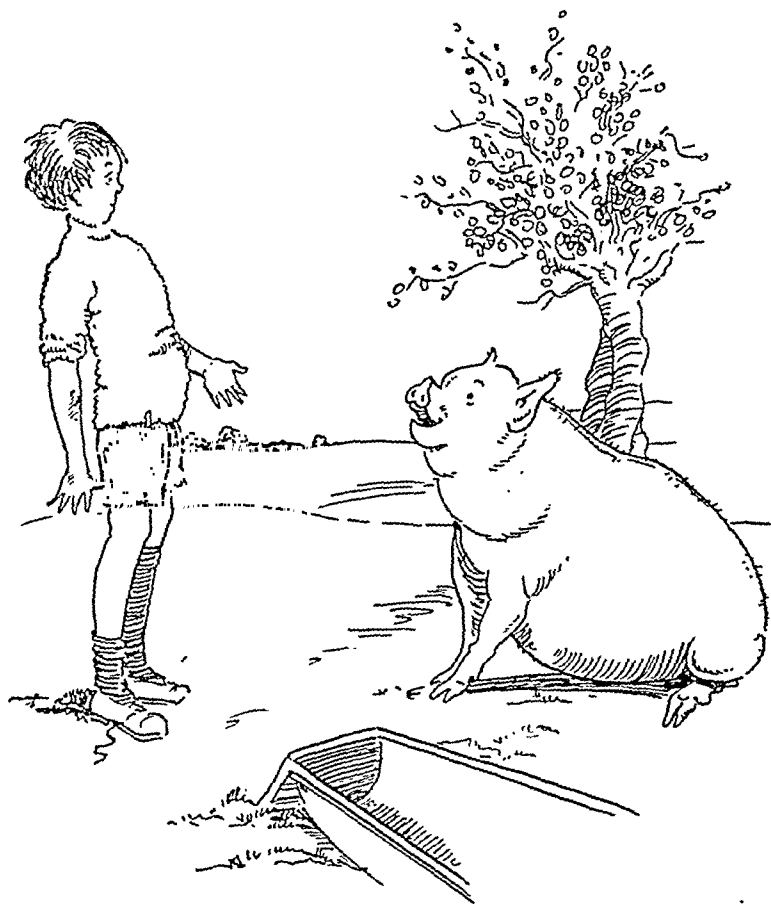
"I don't like to roll in mud," said the child.

"Tell that to the hens," said the pig brother. "Look at your hands, and your shoes, and your pinafore. Come along, I say. You may have some of the pig-wash for supper, if there is more than I want."

"I don't want pig-wash," said the child, and he began to cry.

Just then the Tidy Angel came out.

"I have set everything to rights," she said, "and so it must stay. Now, will you



go with the Pig Brother, or will you come back with me, and be a tidy child."

"With you, with you," cried the child, and he clung to the Angel's dress.

The Pig Brother grunted.

"Small loss," he said. "There will be all the more food for me," and he trotted on.

From "The Golden Windows," by
Laura Richards.

SOMETHING TO DO.

1. Here are some more mixed up sentences, telling you what you ought to do every morning. Can you make sense of them?

Every morning forget I not must:—

To teeth my brush.

Comb to hair my.

Hands to my scrub.

Wash face my neck and to.

2. Make up a story something like this one. Tell about a little boy who was always fighting. The Angel takes him in turn to a small baby rabbit, then to a fierce tiger, and then to a large turkey.

22. HOW JACK GOT A NEW SHIRT.

Once upon a time there were seven little children. Their mother was so poor that she had to go from home and work all day to get food for them. At night she had to spin wool and weave it into cloth to make shirts for them.

Each child had only one shirt. When the biggest had outgrown his, it was given to the next in size. So it happened that the shirt that came to Jack, the youngest, was always thin and nearly worn out.

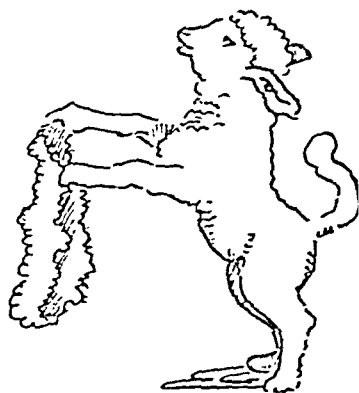
But Jack was a happy little boy. He loved to play with all the animals around his mother's cottage. Whenever he saw a lamb, he ran to get green grass for it to eat. Whenever he found a young bird that had fallen from its nest he put it back.

One day his shirt had become so old and thin that it fell from his body. As his mother was very busy she could not make him another, but the weather was fine and warm, so Jack said he would go without a shirt for a time.

One day as Jack was hunting for strawberries in the wood he met a lamb.

"Where is your shirt?" asked the lamb.

"I have none," answered Jack, sadly; "and my mother cannot make me one for a long time. Even then the new one will be for my eldest brother, and I shall have an old one. I wish I could have a new shirt for myself!"



"I will give you my wool and you can have a new shirt made," said the kind lamb, and he pulled off his wool and gave it to Jack.

As Jack was going along with the wool he saw a thorn bush by the side of the road.

"What are you carrying, little boy?" asked the thorn bush.

"It is some wool to make me a new shirt," said Jack.

"Give it to me," said the thorn bush. "I will comb it for you and make it smooth."

So Jack gave the wool to the thorn bush. The bush ran its thorns to and fro through the wool. It was soon beautifully combed and smoothed. Then the bush gave the wool back to Jack.*

As Jack was carrying the combed wool along he saw a spider sitting in the middle of a web.

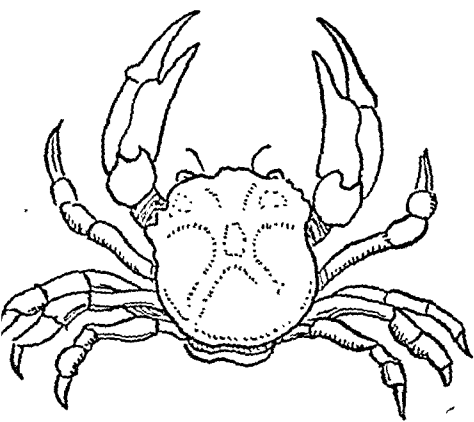
"Give me your wool, little boy," she said. "I will spin it into thread and weave it into cloth for you."

Then the spider spun the wool into thread and wove from it as fine a piece of cloth as anyone had ever seen.

Jack took the cloth gratefully and hurried towards home.

As he came to a pool he saw a crab.

"What have you there, little boy?" asked the crab.

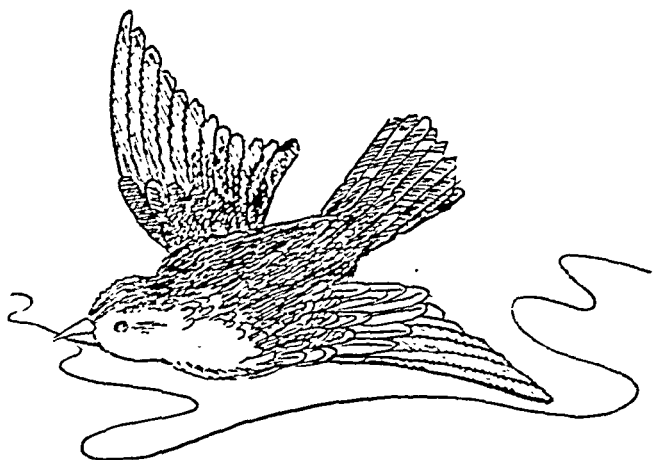


"It is cloth to make me a new shirt."

"Let me cut it out for you," said the crab; and with his great shears he cut out a shirt. "Now if you can get someone to do the sewing, you will have a fine new shirt," said the crab, as he gave the cloth back to Jack.

Jack wondered rather sadly when his mother would find time to sew for him.

Just then he saw a little bird sitting on a bush by the side of the road.



"I see that you have some cloth for a new shirt," said the bird. "Give it to me, I will sew it for you."

The bird took a long thread in its sharp bill and flew to and fro with it. He worked with his bill as he always did in making his nest. When he had finished sewing the shirt, he said, "Now your shirt is made. It is as nice a shirt as anyone could wish for."

Jack put the shirt on and ran home to show his mother. He had never been so happy before.

DO YOU KNOW

1. Why Jack so rarely got a new shirt?
2. Why the lamb gave Jack its wool?
3. Who combed the wool for Jack's new shirt?
4. Who spun the wool into thread?
5. Who wove the thread into cloth?
6. Who cut out the cloth?
7. Who did the sewing?
8. *Horse, squirrel, girl, boy.* These are all names of things, but they are not names of any one horse, or boy, or girl, or squirrel. Very often we have to use *special names*. For example, the boy this story is

about is called Jack. These special names are called *Proper Nouns* :—

“ Proper ” here means “ one’s very own.”

Such names always begin with a *capital letter*.

Write down :—

- (1) Your own special name.
- (2) The name of the road and place in which you live.
- (3) The name of your school.
- (4) The names of any of your friends or pets.
- (5) Any *proper nouns* you can find in this book.

A RIDDLE FOR YOU.

1. I am a word of three letters; something to keep biscuits in.
2. Change my head, and I am an animal with a fine tail.
3. Change my tail, and I will make you lose your way.
4. Change my head again, and I am a loving animal.
5. Change my middle, and I am something the animal does.
6. Change my tail, and I am something he makes.
7. Change my head for the last time, and I am again something to keep biscuits in.

23. THE RUNAWAY CHEESES.

✓ Once there was a man of Gotham, who went to market to sell cheeses. He carried a great many in a bag, and hoped to sell them for a large sum of money



As he was going down a hill, his bag slipped open, and one of the cheeses fell out and rolled down the road in front of him. As the way was downhill, the cheese went faster and faster, and the man was greatly pleased.

"Oho!" he cried. "So cheeses can go to market by themselves, can they! That

will save me carrying them! Come on, you other cheeses! You shall follow after your friend!"

He opened his bag and took another cheese from it. He rolled it down the hill, and was delighted to see it go so fast.

"Mind you meet me at the market place!" he called after it.

Then he took another cheese and rolled that down the hill as well.

"And mind you meet me at the market place too!" he cried.

One by one he rolled the cheeses down the hill until the bag was empty. After each one he called out the same message.

"There!" he said at last, looking at his empty bag, "now I've no load to carry, and can go merrily on my way. I shall meet my cheeses safely in the market-place. How clever I am!"

✓ He walked on down the hill, staring up at the blue sky and thinking what a lovely day it was. But if he had looked down on the road he would have seen that his beautiful cheeses had bumped into stones

and had rolled into bushes and long grass. Not one of them had reached even the foot of the hill.

Now when he got to the market he looked about for his cheeses, but not one could be seen.

"This is strange!" he said to himself, "I told each one of them to meet me here!"

But no matter where he looked, he could not see any cheeses.

"Well, perhaps one of my friends has seen them come to market, and can tell me where they are!" he said at last.

So he went up to his friends.

"Have you seen my cheeses come to market?" he asked.

"Why, who brought them?" asked they.

"They brought themselves," said the man, "for they knew the way well enough. Indeed, they ran so fast, that I greatly fear they must have run right past the market!"

"Oh, well, if they did that," said a friend, laughing "they will certainly have gone to York."

"Dear me, yes! that's the next market town!" said the man. "They were going so fast that I feel sure they must have gone as far as York. I will go and see!"

So at once he took a horse and rode after the cheeses to York. But he could not find them there however much he looked.

"Well, this is one of the most puzzling things I ever heard of!" said the man. "Surely I can get news of my cheeses somewhere!"

But try as he would, he could get no news of his cheeses, nor has anyone heard of them from that day to this.

DO YOU KNOW

1. How the man tried to get his cheeses to market ?
2. What happened to the cheeses on their way down the hill ?
3. What the man thought had happened to the cheeses when he could not find them at the market ?
4. Do you know any other story about the men of Gotham ? If you do, tell it to the class.

SOMETHING TO DO.

5. Tell what you would expect to find on the stalls of the market place of a country town ?

5. You already know what a *Proper Noun* is. (If you have forgotten what this means you can look at page 98) Some names, or nouns, do not describe just one person or thing. They are the name of a whole group of things. Such words are *cat, boy, box, apple, cheese, rabbit* and *ship*. These are known as *Common Nouns*.

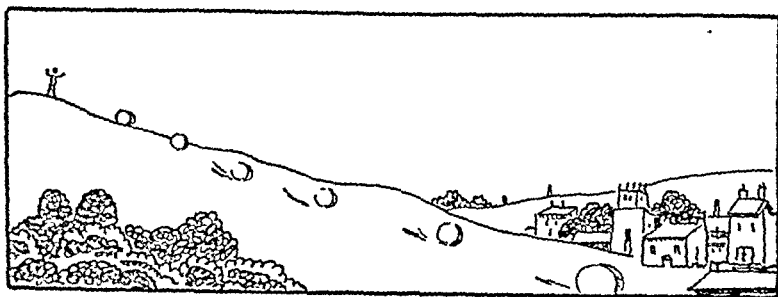
Make a list of :—

(a) The proper (special) nouns. (b) The common nouns in the following passage.

Jack ran down the street with the pig under his arm. Tom called after him to come back to the house. But Jack ran straight to the butcher's shop, where he gave the pig to his father.

7. What shape do you think the cheeses were ? Draw their shape. Now draw each of the shapes mentioned below and label them correctly :—

Square. Oblong. Triangle.



24. THE LAMBKIN IN THE DRUMIKIN.

✓ There was once a Lambkin who frolicked about and had a lovely time. One day he set off to visit his Granny. As he frisked along, thinking of all the lovely things she would give him, he met a Jackal. ✓

"Hi, Lambkin, stop! I'll EAT you!" cried the Jackal. But the Lambkin jumped high into the air and cried:

"To my Granny's house I go,
And I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

"Very well," said the Jackal, and he let the Lambkin go on his way. Soon he met a Vulture, who shouted to the Lambkin:

"Hi, Lambkin, stop! I'll EAT you!"

But the Lambkin frisked round him and laughed.

"To my Granny's house I go,
And I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

"Very well," said the Vulture, and he let the Lambkin go on his way. Presently he met a Tiger, who called:

"Hi, Lambkin, stop! I'll EAT you!"

But the Lambkin jumped about on his four frisky legs and cried:

"To my Granny's house I go,
And I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."



"Very well," said the Tiger, and he let the Lambkin go on his way. Soon the little creature came to his Granny's house, and greeted her with joy.

"Granny," he said, "I've promised to get fat. So will you please put me in the corn-bin?"

His Granny popped him there, and he ate for seven days till he could eat no more. "Granny," he said, when he came out, "I am so fat now that I am afraid I shall be eaten on my way home. Please make a drumikin for me, and put me inside.

So his Granny made a drumikin for him out of a barrel with skin stretched over each end, and he set off home rolling along inside the drumikin. Soon he met the Tiger, who called out: "Drumikin, drumikin, have you seen Lambkin?"

"He's lost in the forest, and so are you,
On little drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-poo!"
cried Lambkin.

"What a pity!" said the Tiger, and let the drumikin roll on its way. Soon the

Vulture flew down, and cried: "Drumikin, drumikin, have you seen Lambkin?"

"He's lost in the forest, and so are you,
On, little drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-poo!"
cried Lambkin.

"What a pity," said the Vulture, and let the drumikin roll on its way. Soon the Jackal came up, and cried: "Drumikin, drumikin, have you seen Lambkin?"

"He's lost in the forest, and so are you,
On, little drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-poo!"
cried Lambkin.

But the Jackal knew Lambkin's voice, and rushed after the drumikin. In a fright the Lambkin rolled the drumikin down the hill to his home with the Jackal close after him. He bumped open the door of his house and got inside just in time. "Tum-pa, tum-poo!" he cried.



SOMETHING TO DO.

1. Make a list of the names of the different creatures Lambkin met with on his travels. Now tell the story in your own words.

2. Act the story.

3. What do the following words mean :—

Frolicked ; frisked ?

They both mean the same thing. Can you give words which mean the same, or almost the same, as :—

Enormous ; pleasant ; miserable ; bright ;
small ; happy.

4. In this story you have read about *one* jackal, *one* tiger, *one* lambkin. In such cases as these when the noun only names one *single* thing, we say the noun is in the *singular number*. When the noun stands for *more than one* it is said to be in the *plural number*.

Read through the list below and then write out one list of all the singular words and another list of all the plural words.

box,	foxes,	key,	keys,
apple,	kittens,	women,	men,
sheep,	scissors,	knives,	orange.

25. THE DONKEY THAT LAUGHED.

Mr. Straws, the farmer, had a donkey that pulled him along in a little cart. The donkey was called Gray, and was as sharp as a needle, though Mr. Straws always called him a stupid creature.

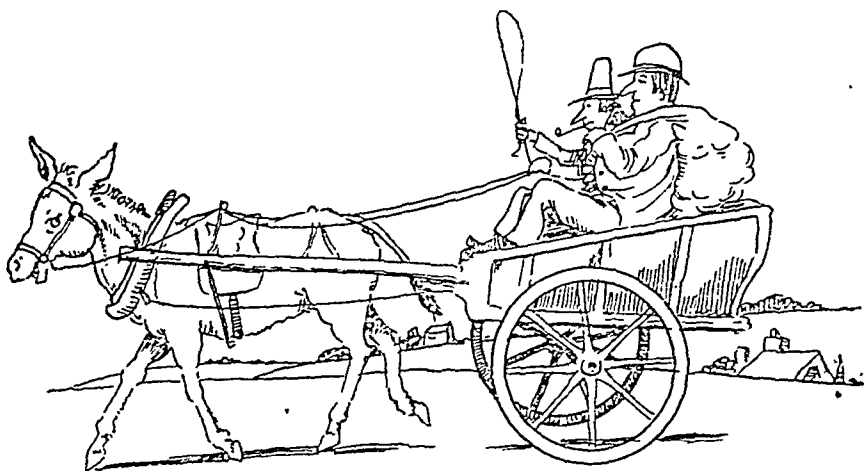
One market day Mr. Straws had done all his business and was going home in his little donkey-cart. On the way he overtook Mr. Twinkle, who was carrying a sack over his shoulder.

"Hey, Mr. Twinkle," called Mr. Straws. "Are you going my way?"

"Yes," said Mr. Twinkle. "Will you give me a lift? My legs are tired. Shall I be too heavy for your little donkey?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Straws. "He's had a hard day, but there's plenty of go in him yet. Climb up, Mr. Twinkle."

So Mr. Twinkle climbed up into the little donkey-cart and sat down. He didn't take his sack from his shoulder though—he still held it there, and the potatoes were so heavy that they almost bent him double with their weight.



"Wouldn't you like to put that sack down?" asked Mr. Straws.

"Yes, I should," said Mr. Twinkle. "But that donkey of yours is tired, and it's bad enough for him to have carry me—I won't bother him to carry my potatoes too; I'll carry them myself."

"That's kind of you," said Mr. Straws.

The donkey suddenly stopped in the road and said, "Hee-haw, hee-hee-haw!"

"It sounds just as if he is laughing!" said Mr. Twinkle. "I wonder what the the joke is."

The donkey went on, but he went more

slowly than before, and Mr. Straws began to think he would be late for supper.

"Get up there," he shouted to the donkey, and he jerked the reins. But the obstinate creature would not go any faster. and Mr. Straws became angry.

"Ho!" he said. "This is how you return Mr. Twinkle's kindness, is it? You think you'll make us late for supper. Get on now!"

But still the donkey did not hurry. Then Mr. Straws quite lost his temper. He turned to Mr. Twinkle.

"Put your sack of potatoes down in the cart!" he said. "The donkey can carry that too! I'll show him who's master! He'll be sorry when he feels the extra weight of the sack!"

So Mr. Twinkle slid the sack from his shoulder to the floor of the cart, and how glad he was to get rid of the weight!

But was the donkey sad? Not a bit of it! He laughed even more loudly than before. "Hee-haw, hee-hee-haw!" he went. "Hee-haw, HEE-HAW!"

“ Bless us ! ” said Mr. Straws. “ What’s the joke now ? I don’t know—do you, Mr. Twinkle ? ”

I wonder if you know what the donkey was laughing at ?

DO YOU KNOW

1. Why Mr. Twinkle “ carried ” the potatoes himself ?
- ✓ 2. Why the donkey laughed ?
3. What the donkey refused to do ?
4. How his master punished him ?
5. What *was* the joke ?

SOMETHING TO DO.

6. Tell the story in your own words.
7. Write down the words which mean the opposite of :—
Stupid ; sharp ; heavy.

